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HAWAII NEI

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EDWARD BAILEY.

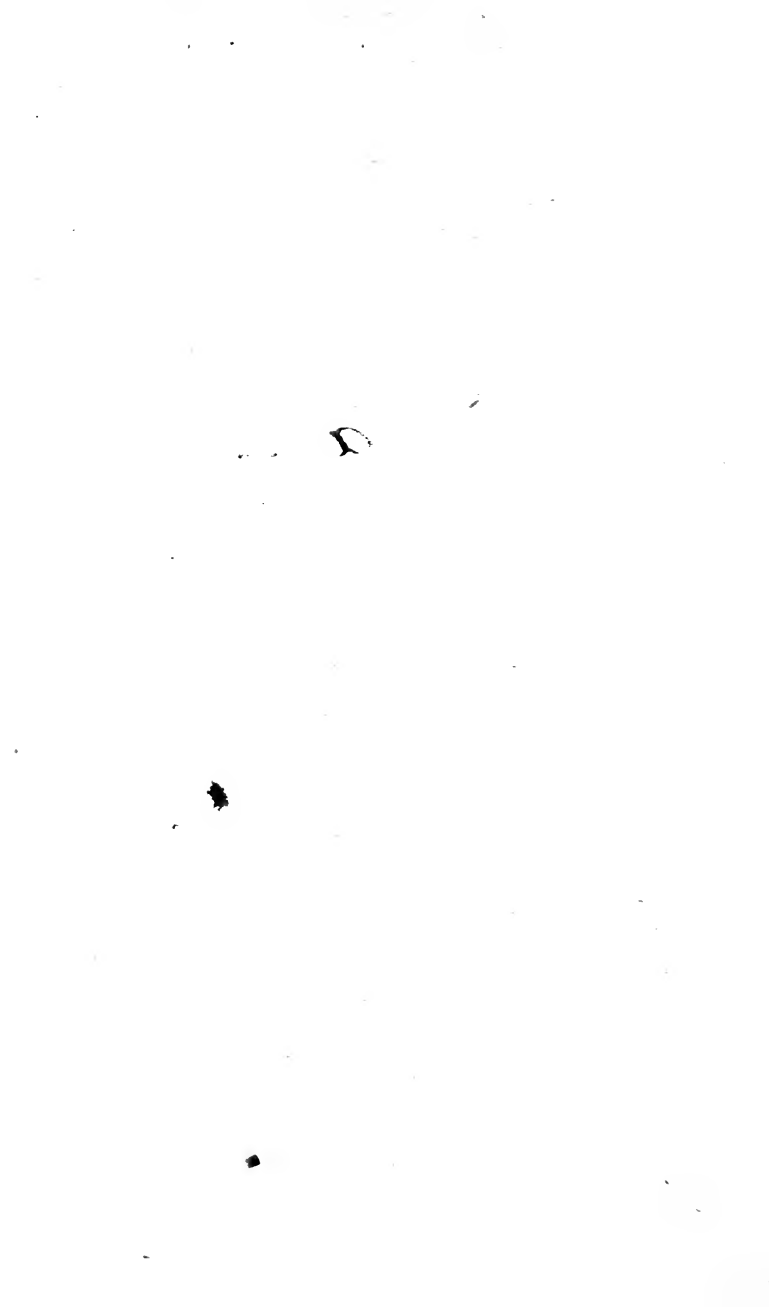
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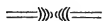


Miss S. M. Potter
with "Aloha mui" for
your aff-friend

Lusie C. Bailing
June 23rd 1888



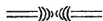
HAWAII NEI.



AN IDYLL



THE PACIFIC ISLES.



BY

EDWARD BAILEY.



ANN ARBOR, MICH.:
SAMUEL C. ANDREWS,
Bookseller and Publisher.

FREE TRANSLATION OF PART OF PAGE 19.

Alas ! the gloomy land of night,
The fiery pit of baleful light ;
Great clouds of smoke to heaven ascending,
The melted mountains downward tending :
Jehovah !—I am seized with fear ;
I tremble as these sights appear.
Assembled in this fearful place
Great wonders show their awful face.
In breathless fear the scene I view,
This mighty scene of wonders new.

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Add'l

GIFT

HAWAII NEI.

The islands of Hawaii nei
I sing. 'Tis but their peep of day.
Planted amid the ocean wave,
The various shores its waters lave ;
To heaven its mountain-domes arise
The wonder of a stranger's eyes.
First Mauna Kea is dimly seen
In snowy cap of brilliant sheen,
Defying long the piercing ray
Of the victorious orb of day.
Then Mauna Loa, whose broad expanse
Heaves on the sight as we advance ;
Whose cauldron huge, deep iron-walled,
Mokuaweoweo called,
Oft belches forth its igneous charge
Which, flowing down, doth thus enlarge
Our little patch of earth's domain,
Now under Kalakaua's reign ;—

Which, as appears upon the map,
Sticks one more feather in his cap.
Not often kings their kingdom see
Extended in like sort as he :
To Madame Pele he is debtor,
The ancient Greek possessed no better.
But lo ! old Haleakala
Whose ancient pranks forgotten are ;
Her play-ground still in statu quo ;
On earth its like we do not know ;
So vastly huge—we are appalled
As we behold it mountain-walled.
Wachusett scarce attains its pimples,
Surmounted all with yawning dimples,
In which a regiment might lie
Safe from each penetrating eye.
'Tis Maui's boast—unrivalled yet ;
On earth its like can not be met.
Eeka caps our Maui West
Whose mists its lofty head invest.
Its pinnacles are beds of ooze
Whose treacherous mire a host may lose ;
Spent o'er the region is with mosses,
And many a fern each height embosses.
Sometimes the mists are cleft, and down
You gaze upon Wailuku town,
Down through the famous Iao valley ;
Region renowned for warlike sally,
Whose battle, called the Paniwai,
Its crystal stream with blood did dye.

Dammed was the stream with human corpses
Slain by Kamehameha's forces.
Oahu boasts a hill or two,
So Konahuanui view,
Whose heights with mists are saturated,
Whence many a merry dell is sated.
Kaala, too, its western shore
O'erlooks, where Sol his forces pour.
There's Waianae—its very rocks
Have scarce forgot the earthquake shocks,
But lie about in dire confusion ;
The red-burnt hills are scarce delusion,
But one might deem them all on fire,
With dust for smoke in whirlwind's ire.
Waialeale on Kauai
Soars up aloft toward the sky,
And many a ridge fills out its frame
Of which I cannot tell the name.
Of mountains of a smaller fry ;
The name is legion—pass them by.
Each island, great or small, is steep,
Arising from the briny deep,
Till slope with slope at summit meets
And farther progress thus defeats.
You'll not except wee Molokini,
Of all the group perhaps most tiny ;
'Tis a mere crescent steep of rock,
The tribute of some earthquake shock,
Or one of Madame Pele's rages,
Where it has lain, perhaps for ages.

Lehua and Kaula too,
The satellites of Queen Niihau,
I've never seen, but there they lie
Beneath the broad cerulean sky.
One more small dot doth now remain
Beneath our Kalakaua's reign ;
'Tis off a hundred miles or more,
I mean the lonely rock Nihoa.
'Tis said the walrus there doth live ;
Birds, too, the place a name do give
In English tongue : but not, I deem,
In any wise will there be seen
Sparrows or robins, or their kin,
But such as make a horrid din,
In keeping well with all that's weird,
Which nothing green has ever cheered—
But dashing waves on inky rocks
Where Neptune oft displays his locks.
Such is the place, for aught I know,
And sure to it I shall not go.
No guard the king needs o'er this treasure,
Which fills his kingdom's even measure.
But should it leave its place and go
Away two thousand miles or so,
No loss we'd feel, or be the wiser,
For lack in one age of adviser.
'Tis very seldom ships there go,
So, of the place we little know.
I've nothing said of Molokai,
Which in the midst of all doth lie,

And, heaving to the clouds its back,
Makes up in length what width doth lack.
Its eastern end is cleft in two,
Like some huge jaws of monster new,
In which Halawa safe doth lie
Beneath the liquid, beauteous sky.
Not alway so—the people under,
Say there is where they make the thunder ;
And I can testify 'tis made
No journey-work, but real trade.
However, 'tis a lovely valley
With many a quiet, shaded alley.
Rich grows the kalo there and ki,
Uala, maia, bean and pea.
All round is pali, trickling down
With many a rill towards the town,
Which meeting all, a babbling stream
Flows rushing emerald banks between
To where 'tis lost within the sea
Among huge rollers of the lea.
And here the naiads sporting go
On rampant waves in ceaseless flow ;
Well poised upon the feathery comb,
Like arrows' flight they ride the foam ;
A manly sport, with art complex,
Oft shared in by the softer sex.
A dreamy soul, in such a place,
Might while away a life-long race ;
But I could ne'er my wits curtail,
Within this lotus eaters' vale.

The western end is broad and low,
Where nothing but the grass can grow ;
Not smooth and round—it is divided,
And thus the isle is many sided.
About midway its northern side—
Alas ! where lepers must abide—
A broad plain sports its centre crater,
One side a pit—I think 'tis greater
Than any merely human work,
Save Egypt's pyramids, by Turk
So well preserved, till late his power
Has reached the finale of its hour.
Its floor spreads out in ancient fields ;
Its rocky sides a forest yields ;
All wants of man are thus supplied ;
A crystal spring deep in its side,
With woods and fields and spacious lake,
Which doth an emerald hue partake,
'Tis at the bottom of the pit ;
A rocky way leads down to it.
A labyrinth no line hath sounded,
By rocky sides of pit surrounded.
'Twas there in ancient times, 'tis said,
They tried the virtues of the dead.
The body placed in frail canoe,
Attached a forty line or two,
Was thus shot out upon the lake,
To see what course the powers would take.
If the lake cleft, they drew him down,
And then his name won due renown ;

But if the powers gave no sign,
It was a mark of woe condign ;
He was too far with sin oppressed
To go below among the blest ;
His clumsy practice was detected,
Nor with due guile his thefts effected.
'Tis in this weird and ghostly region,
Whose wonders truly number legion,
You sail beneath a mountain spur,
A wonder to the traveler.
Tunnel majestic, who can doubt ;
Blue are its waves as those without :
Dark screaming birds around it cluster,
The pent up winds here rave and bluster,
Performing as its lee a spout,
Where wind and sea alike rush out.
The idol priests here Nature joined,
And for their use her dread purloined,
To rule o'er mortals—no great wonder
Where faith and reason dwell asunder.
Here, too, a rocky isle you see,—
But it's a mystery to me,
Howe'er it came ; 'tis separated
From all around ; with nothing mated.
It might, for aught I see, have danced
Out from the main, and so advanced
To where it now a wonder stands—
A rogue purloining Nature's lands.
A grove of palms begems its top,
From which, all round, its sides do drop

In rocks quite bare of herb or tree
To where they meet the roaring sea.
About two hundred feet they rise,
Straight up, as they would reach the skies.
Hawaiians do sometimes dare
Its heights ascend—a feat o'er rare.
But should I tell of Molokai,
Of all its wonders, low or high,
Some other isle might well complain
That it displayed its charms in vain.
Old Time will never for us stop,
So we must choose to seize or drop.
Turn south from middle Molokai,
And there lies beautiful Lanai ;
A gentle maiden, fair and trim,
Of aspect mild, but never dim.
Altho' the clouds above it kisses,
Tall mountains there the observer misses.
But one great gulch obstructs the way,
Yclept, in native, Maunalei.
There only of this beauteous isle
A crystal stream adorns the pile ;
But soon in crevice it is lost,
For fear of being tempest-tost,
If it should to the ocean go,
To mix its waters there below.
This little isle to raising sheep
Is mostly given : by the deep
'Tis fenced around, with here and there
A precipice in high mid air.

South farther still lies Kahoolawe,
Like long red pile or dragon heavy.
Hot, red-burnt, and with streaming mane,
At noon-tide glimmering insane.
When fierce trade-winds beset it, there
For twice its length streams out its hair.
The color of its torrid body—
One might imagine it was bloody.
And still Old Mammon pastures sheep,
On this lone isle, fenced by the deep ;
One in high life, the first that tried
This isle to scatter in the tide ;
For in good time 'twill blow away,
Trod by the sheep from day to day.
If once a year or so there falls
A deluge-rain, its rocky walls
Are only washed of all their earth—
In fact, it is a chronic dearth.
Once, generous shrubs beclad it o'er,
And there they went to hunt the boar ;
Now you would meditate as soon
To hunt the boar upon the moon,
Whose rocky sides are not more bare
Than this our isle of streaming hair.
Here was the national state prison,
For culprits foul, whose crimes had risen
So tall society could ne'er
Within its pale their presence bear.
What here in ancient times occurred
We well may think ; but never word

Has come to me :—but this is true,
The noble man I, loving, knew.
'Twas thrice ten years and more ago,—
His wife no less of praise we owe ;
Mauae his name, of manly form,
His christian virtues to adorn ;
He had besides the various graces,
Which could be found in these dark places.
At sea, and near Hawaii's coast,
Of which anon my song shall boast,
The vessel filled and all were cast
Helpless alike upon the vast
Unfathomed sea :—not helpless though
Our friend and wife, as I shall show.
Inviting were Hawaii's shores,
Close by—hut not with open doors.
We've heard about the treacherous sea,
Its promise fair,—performance ne.
So now it was, a current strong,
Which rushed th' inviting shores along,
Its helpless victims bore away
Toward the now declining day.
When they perceived their doom was sealed,
To God they first their woe revealed ;
To him, in prayer themselves they gave,
These two ; then dared the ocean wave.
For Kahoolawe then they bore ;
'Twas thrice ten miles away and more.
All night they swam—these two together,
This channel rude of wind and weather ;

And still they held the watery way,
Till once more rolled declining day ;
In loving converse cheering oft
Their painful way while tempest tost.
O had his strength but held out longer !
The weaker vessel proved the stronger.
When he complained of strength a lack,
His faithful helpmate, on her back
Him, feeble, panting—fearless took,
Again the ruthless waves to brook.
See what a loving wife can do ;
Though spent her strength, with burden new,
Again she laboured, often calling
To cheer him, and of what befalling,
Till when, alas ! his answers ceased,
And he was dead—she then released
The form quite lifeless, hovered o'er
By ransomed spirit. Soon the shore
Near by she reached—a desolation,
For far away was kept the station.
But nature yet, in part alive,
With fruit her spirit did revive,
And many years she lived to tell
The story she had lived so well.
From Kahoolawe eastward lie,
On Maui's side, in regions dry,
Huge fields of lava spouted out
From Madam Pele's weird redoubt,
High up upon the mountain side,
From whence spread out the liquid tide ;

A region vast of desolation,
Stamped o'er with Molock's approbation :
For rumor has it in tradition,
That, while it flowed in fierce ignition,
Some worshippers, who, over zealous,
Were offering to the goddess jealous,
She lapped them and their offering too
Forever out from human view.
'Twas in a cave of Maui east,
Of all our islands not the least,
Beneath Kauiki—simple crater ;—
We've many like, but most are greater.—
It's just a bud into the sea,
East of the main as flies the bee,—
Though bees I think we well may doubt
Would leave the shore to fly far out,
Over the vast illimitable ;
They rather keep o'er world more stable.
But let me to my story cling ;
Kaahumanu, wife of King
Kamehameha, first saw light
Here in this cave of murky night.
Famous among the great was she ;
Whoever thought that she could be
For goodness also celebrated
So haughty, fierce and heathen-mated.
But lo ! the blessed cross appears
Amid the darkness of those years,
Hateful and horrid rites far fly ;
Its blessed light illumines the sky ;

Into Kaahumanu's heart,
The glorious beams of healing dart,
She yields her to the Prince of Peace,
And all her heathen orgies cease.
Full many a height and depth sublime
Grandeur and beauty here combine,
In gorges and ravines cut down,
And many a name has won renown ;
Honomanu among the rest ;
A gorge whose sides bright woods invest,—
The umbrous, silver-leaved Kukui
Which flourishes in regions dewy.
A generous stream adorns this vale,
Its paths wind up as birds would sail ;
In Kalo rich its flat abounds,
The product of such watery grounds ;
Hawaii's staff of life it is
For either food or revelries.
These simple people have a skill
The rocky valley beds to till,
Producing large returns of food
For little labor. Is it good
Their lives with artificial wants
In which the covet-demon haunts
Be harrassed with corroding cares,
And tread a path beset with snares.
But so it is ; the huts of grass
Of ancient times, in which they pass
So many cosy, happy days,—
In which they learned Jehova's praise,

Are now forever disappearing,
And in their place the wights are rearing
Houses of wood from Oregon ;
Their make—if I should pass upon—
Say—well enough in coat of whiting,
The valley groves in beauty lighting.
But still in memory there lingers
The product of the busy fingers
Of woman in her days industrious
The plaited mat so clean and lustrous
On floor ; the restful hiki
Whereon your weary bones to lay
When lomilomi, kneading well
The flesh and bones creates a spell
In which imagination's vision
Will lap you in the fields Elysian.
Or, if you choose there night to keep,
Under light kapa you will sleep,
In well kept house both neat and clean,
In which no ugly thing is seen,
I think you'll own that, not alone
True sterling comfort can be known,
In regions boasting much of lore
And light and so forth them before.
The people understood the art
Of luxury, and feeling heart ;
They were at home in practice mystic,
Nor dreamed of faith materialistic.
What we call metaphysical,
They might not apprehend too well.

But understood them in their way ;—
Con o'er their songs the livelong day ;
Their meles and their legends learn,
Wherin you often may discern
Good common sense and sterling truth,
Worthy the study of our youth.
'Tis true the whole is often marred
By what from youth should be debarred ;
But even there old Greece and Rome,
From prison cell to temple dome,
In moral filth and rite fantastic,
Set forth and sealed with image plastic—
In poison rank they must be held
To have these heathen tribes excelled.
Would you our largest island visit,
To feast your eyes on views exquisite ;—
Or should you, in a fiercer mood,
Disdain the valley, field and wood,
And rather choose the form gigantic,
Compared with which the broad Atlantic
Can only show a circumstance,
In all it watery expanse,
Then to Hawaii quickly hie,
To stretch your nerve and feast your eye ;
There shall your want be satisfied,
Your aspirations be supplied.
It matters not where you sit down,
Kohala high, or Hilo town ;
Or in its southern point Kau—
Wherever you may be or do,

Each spot alike will feast the eyes,
And fill you with a glad surprise.
But then, I know I'm wasting breath ;
One point alone, or life or death,
Fills every thought of those who go,
To see what sights the world can show ;
'Tis the great cauldron Kilauea,
Sought out alike by each surveyor
Of natures' wonders igneous ;—
Your highest aspirations thus,
Incontrovertibly shall be
Well satisfied, as we shall see.
I'm not the great volcano's prophet,
Who lives so near this wondrous Tophet :
Unluckily I cannot see
A thing, however grand it be,
Unless it has a true existence ;
I scarce can give it the assistance
Imagination might impart
To scholars of poetic art.
But I can rhyme and tell you true
Something of all that you will view
If ever you that way should go
The wonders for yourself to know.
First, don't, I beg, a speech prepare,
To whelm the world, as in mid air
You first behold the scene unveiled ;—
I rather think that you'll be quailed
Into sheer silence then, unless
A shallow fool you do confess

Yourself, by idly popping out
Some silly speech the *view* about.
As if our language, bred where ne'er
Such like great wonders do appear
Could well express the apparition,
Or speak of things in this condition.
Auwe ! ka aina o ka po,
Ka lua ahi io no ;
Punohu mai la ka uahi ;
Hehee ka mauna, a ke kahe.
Iehova ! kau kou weliweli ;
Haalulu au i keia Pele.
Akoakoa ma keia wahi
Na mea nui, makahahi.
Pau e ke aho i ka nana
I keia kupanaha mana.*
But there—I promised I would tell
Whate'er I might in magic spell,
A few plain facts about this wonder,
Nor trench upon its prophets' thunder.
Then go we down the cauldrons' side,
A tortuous path, and none too wide.
It winds among the herbs and trees,—
A strange abode for such as these,
'Mid sulphurous fumes and midnight glare
Of fierce ignited Peles' hair
Drawn out as melted clots are thrown,
By pent up gases fiercely blown

* For translation see page 2.

Through glowing whitely melted lava,
Out from this huge deific salver.
O all ye hordes Tartarean,
Who from the ancient prying man
Locked up your mysteries, lest he
Might draw too near the sight to see ;
Not so this modern luapele ;
These floors are promenaded daily
By all the curious, who delight
To see this most unearthly sight.
Sights, sounds and smells all lend their aid ;
Nor is the visitor afraid
As he draws nigh this pit of wonders,
Inhales its gas, and hears its thunders,
Feels crusted rock beneath him tremble,
Above the forces which assemble,
Far, far below in pent up places,
Whence they send forth these fiery graces,—
The boiling flood of liquid rock,
The product dire of earthquake shock ;
Ashes and pumice ; gossamer,
Like spiders' web thrown up in air.
The rock is carved with strange devices,
Plutonian all ; but it suffices
To multiply to endless forms,
From beasts and birds to crawling worms,
And man,—a form Tartarean,
Where forth the liquid torrent ran.
The whole is seamed by earthquake shocks
With many a crevice through the rocks,

Beyond the reach of longest cable,
Down, down in deeps unfathomable,
Where oft the fiery tempest glows,
As below Hades forth it flows.
No wonder there you often wander,
As through this horror you meander,
O'er treacherous, thin-incrusted shell,
In this reduplicate of hell.
No wonder strange infatuation
Imperils oft the chosen station,
Of the weak mind, presumptuous,
Trifling with life and safety thus.
For many a shelving cliff does so
O'er hang the fiery gulf below,
That oft it tempts unwary feet
Where careless souls their doom may meet.
And 'tis a wonder passing strange,
That, of the multitude who range
This field of peril often o'er,
No one has sunk to rise no more.
Wher'ere you turn your eyes you view,
Or inky black, or sulphurous hue,
Or ashy piles, or tall gray cliffs,
All bare of green from sulphurous whiffs ;
Great clouds of smoke toward heaven ascending,
White puffs of steam, suspicion lending,
As if below were cooking dishes,
To be served up against your wishes ;
And lest some quick catastrophe
Might happen as the sights you see—

You're not at all afraid—Oh no!
But think that you had better go
Above to the abode of mortals,
And exit from these fiery portals.
Perchance the thought these wonders great
Impress you, as you meditate,
That all this weight of melted lava,
High up within its wonted salver,—
In feet three thousand and eight hundred
Above the sea—I say you've wondered
What force, by hydrostatic laws,
Might bind these monsters' fiery jaws
Lest they rush furiously down
And sweep the valley, field and town,
Their prison walls in anger burst,
And slake in wrath their torrid thirst.
You've guessed the truth ; for oftentimes
The flood bursts forth and penegrines,
With broad destruction spreading out,
With whirlwind's dire infernal rout ;
Tearing the forests as they go,
And spreading ruin high and low,
Mid fire and smoke and thunder sound,
And fearful tremor all around.
But sometimes with dissimulation,
Far underground it seeks a station,
Where it bursts up with roar infernal,
Belching forth all its force internal ;
Gouts of hot lava, steam and smoke,
As if the furies all had broke

Their fiery prison forth to flee.
'Tis there a crater small you'll see,
Hollow within ; in dire disorder,
'Twixt earth and hell a fitting border.
Many such crater-mounds there be
'Twixt Kilauea and the sea,
Distant some fifty miles or so,
In the direction where they go.
But 'tis not only here and there,
Upon these tropic islands fair,
The mountain's crater-form you see,
They're all volcanic piles ; and he
Who would this kind investigate
From this assertion nought can bate.
Mokuaweoweo there
Some fourteen thousand feet in air,
Whose cauldron is a boiling cup,
Within whose walls is spouted up
Jets of the reddest melted lava,
Does never overflow its salver,
But bursting from the mountains' side
Below, it belches forth the tide
Five hundred feet or so shot up,
A red-hot fountain minus cup ;
For off, at once the torrent flows,
Creating havoc as it goes.
These two twin craters only know
We moderns with their fires to glow.
The others, work have long suspended
Their hot commission having ended.

Only Hawaii is not finished;
Its haughty head by nought diminished—
Already far it towers o'er all
In lofty height magnifical.
But never pinnacles arise
In slight ambition to the skies
Broad domes the mountain masses are
And buttressed from their bases far.
No toppling o'er for them you see ;
They're patterns of solidity.
It would be strange a people nursed
Mid wonders so mysterious,—
A people given much to song,
Of all which to these realms belong,
Should overlook these fiery wonders,
As they put forth their glowing numbers.
Thus many a song was ancient sung
By simple bards these fires among,
As fancy-free they sallied forth,
Demanding all from south to north
As themes and subjects for their muse ;
No wonder these Tartarean views
Inspired her oft with fervid song,
And rolled the numbers loud and long.
No wonder priests invoked their aid,
Inspired with power to make afraid
The simple minded island wight,
In these dark realms of pagan night.
It was a scene of high sublime
When that renowned heroine,

Kapiolani broke the spell,
Which long had bound them all too well ;
Descended 'gainst such fearful odds
Into this fancied home of gods.
More noble, as she sallied forth—
More fraught the act with moral worth
Than Rihoriho's famous raid
Which crushed idolatry, and made
The slaves of tabu thenceforth free,
Burnt up the gods from sea to sea,
Disrobed the tyrant priest of power,
And made an era of the hour.
'Twas great indeed, but not so great
The motive urging to this fate,
As when that noble woman gave
Her name to honor 'mong the brave.
'Twas in this weird fantastic region,
The sable warrior led his legion ;
Forth marshalled to the fray his clan,
And proved his kinship high with man.
For he who can his brother fight
And conquer by destructive might ;
In ruins lay the happy village,
The fruits of industry by pillage
Swoop, as an eagle does his prey ;
Fill every breast with dire dismay ;—
Respect no tie ; no grief assuage,
But yield up all to lust and rage ;—
Till he's the happy man who's slain,
Beyond the reach of mortal pain.—

He is the hero,—all bow down,
And yield the meed of due renown.—
Even as Ninrod, he of old,
A wolf to waste the happy fold.
Nought but the fire of Christian love,
Descending from the God above,
Can mollify the human breast,
And fill the heart with heavenly rest.—
Not Christianity in name
Can all the furious passions tame ;
Else were the earth, by war laid waste
Now but a scene of peaceful rest ;
Save for the pagan and the Turk,
Whose piety is Satan's work.
Fifty long years have passed away
Since first this heavenly light of day
Pervaded all these happy isles,
And wreathed the sullen brow in smiles.
Since that, no warlike ripple o'er
The isles has passed as oft before ;
While christendom has been convulsed,
The fierce war-fiend full oft repulsed ;
For tares and wheat together grow
In the church militant below ;
And over-zealous Peters try
To quell by force the enemy ;—
Crusaders all against the Turk,
In whom Beelzebub doth work ;
In mood of fierce extermination,
They would lay waste each erring nation.

Not so the gentle Prince of peace—
He brings the prisoner release ;
He sheaths again the bloody sword,—
Thrice blessed he his name adored.
He doth besiege the human heart,
And bids each warring lust depart.
Should an old warrior rise again,
For wonted sights he'd look in vain.
The same old mountains stand, 'tis true,
And so the main,—all else is new.
Full many a plain is covered e'er
With luscious cane—his cottage door
He seeks in vain—the scattered homes
Have clustered round the village domes ;
And, ranged along the thoroughfare,
Civilization's garb they wear.
The tortuous path ; the devious way
Have widened out and easy lay,
Where rolls the light, voluptuous car ;
And fruits of commerce from afar,
Are for the wants of all displayed,
In busy marts of thrifty trade.
Say ye who cast the bitter fling
Against the glorious theme I sing,
What Power has wrought this wondrous spell ?
Redeemed this land from sin and hell ?
Was it the power of best selection ?
Was it the flight to shun detection ?
Was it old Mammon with his purse strings
And all his alcoholic nurslings,

His incense-cloud of stale tobacco,
His gambling hells for lord and Jacko ?
Is this the sort you'd have precede
The power of Christ ? indeed ! indeed !!
Ah ! did you count them but as dross
Those simple heroes of the cross
'Gainst whom detraction, spite and rage
Your utmost efforts did engage ?
Say, what the effort to adorn
As, hung your conscience on Cape Horn
You, Judas-like betrayed your Master
For sundry bits of thieves' piaster ?
For when you left your native land
To seek for gold, what you had planned
Who could suspect ?—the virtuous few
As their ideal looked to you.
They did not know your inmost heart ;
And when far off from them apart,
You threw the winds your base disguise,
And spread yourself for other eyes,
Alas, how swelled your huge disdain,
As on these simple men in vain,
The oath and jest lascivious forth
You launched to cloud their moral worth.
In vain, in vain ; unmoved they stood,
While at them this satanic flood,
In torrents rolled, and scathless burst,
While you the hellish torrent nursed.
Ah, they were heroes ! shall I dare,
Who would with them my portion share,

Attempt to set their praises forth,
And tell the world their moral worth.
On high their record—thither they
Have mostly gone to endless day ;
With many a fierce idolater
Redeemed from death their bliss to share.
Bingham and Thurston, Whitney, Ruggles,
The primal band, commenced these struggles.
They came equipped with high commission—
To save this people from perdition.
Long time they laboured, suffered, fought
The powers of darkness ; fearing naught,
Till o'er these regions blazed the light,
And demon shapes fleet with the night.
After them followed, band by band,
To share their toil in this dark land,
Many, who now to heaven have gone,
But some are left the isles upon,
Whose whitened locks to all proclaim
They at the portals do remain,
Till they, too, enter to their home,
No longer here to toil and roam.
But here I pause ; and let my tongue
Cleave to its roof had I not sung
Of woman's part in all that's been
Achieved in this abode of sin.
A worthy help-meet she has proved
Of those who suffered, toiled and loved.
What e'er of worth has been achieved,
Of blessings brought, or pain relieved,—

As we exult with joyful heart,
There let her share a glorious part.
But when the night had passed away
And these fair isles in brightness lay ;
When toil and danger disunited,
And all the realm the gospel lighted,
Then came the sacerdotal priest,
Among the lambs a wolfish beast,
To rend, to scatter and devour ;
Alas ! it was an evil hour,
When in sheeps' clothing fawning in,
Broke loose, revealed the man of sin,
Backed up by cannon's mouth and brandy,
Like howling wolves from old Normandy.
The sacerdotal priest of late,
Scarce, but in name, does ought abate
From his more open predecessor,
But arbitrates himself possessor,
Of all the virtues apostolic ;
Is much inclined with Rome to frolic ;
Of like instinct to poselyte,
Or, when it serves his turn to fight.
So Mormons' foul abomination,
With its disgusting revelation,
Has rounded out the three unclean,
Which, in apocalypse were seen.
No wonder, if these baleful storms
Have ravaged, with their senseless forms,
This simple, credit giving nation,
Till they are well nigh past salvation.

Think you it does you much become,—
This sloughed off skin of heathendom ?
Well, wear it then ! and pray by rote ;
Yes, genuflect with every note !
All this the heathen did before,
And you have taught him scarcely more.
But I had rather far be free ;
None of these hermit-crabs for me ;
They're altogether much one-sided,
And only fit to be derided.
Sir Hierarch your look is evil ;
Are you for Chirist or for the devil ?
If for the former, then you may
These childish antics put away ;
Wash clean your heart, and cleanse your hands,
And try to do your Lords' commands.
But, if the latter nought I'll say,
But, from you I'd be far away.
Our work on earth will soon be done :
The wheat and tares, together grown,
Will each receive its fitting meed,
If patient toil, or covert greed.
But memory, while time shall last,
Cannot forget the pregnant past,
The toil the suffering and the joy,
Of those, who, in this blest employ
So freely yielded up their lives,
And all that earthly treasure gives.
How oft the stormy sea they crossed,
In Alenuihaha tost,

On schooner incommodious,
Where oft at eve, melodious,
The song arose, the fervent prayer,
Till all acknowledged God was there.
But O, the qualms, the dire distress,
The scorching heat, so pitiless,
As on Pailolo, calm we lay
The livelong, scorching, glaring day.
Thus families of tender age,
Such expeditions did engage ;
Their beds upon the deck spread down,
They left for Honolulu town,
To meet whatever hap befel,
With box and basket stored well.
For in all other points they failed,
These slow, untidy craft that sailed,—
They took you from your dwellings' shore,
And put you down the town before ;
Your bread and water, bed and all
Upon yourself to find must fall.
So, piled within a tiny boat,
With many a squealing pig and goat,
And calabash of pasty poi,—
Proximity by far too doughy,
You sought the vessel, waiting by,
In sorry plight, with hopeless eye.
Oh, who shall picture such a sight,
The decks present, as there you light,
Of bales and boxes, bags and bundles,
Of puking dogs, o'er which one tumbles,

Horses and cattle, pigs and goats,
Old shawls and kapas, tarry coats,
Ropes, blocks and cables, casks of water,
Umbrellas for every son or daughter ;—
The whole stirr'd up by sundry swells,
And seasoned all by horrid smells.
Dear reader, I am sorely pained,
As I describe,—if wrong I aimed,
In turning chaos inside out,
Please hold your sides and turn about,
Till this omniverous scene is past,
For now I think we'll sail at last.
The ropes begin to creak and rattle,
As it were on the verge of battle.
The canvas,—oh, so slow it rises,—
Not white, but figured with devices,
By rusty hoops and poi and dirt,
Which may the sense artistic hurt ;
While every motion makes a rout,
Among Kanakas, turning out
From fold of sail, or coil of rope,
In which they'd stowed,—their only hope,
Besides the naked plank, of bed,
In which to lay their towsy head.
But, “ Boom i kai ” the captain calls ;
And, as upon your ear it falls,
In pompous frigate style and manner ;
As downward falls the vessel's banner,
Round swings the boom, creating new
Confusion 'mong the chosen few,

Who had the roofed companion way,
Elected both for night and day;
As their especial, grand domain,
Though subject both to wind and rain ;
For not within they chose to stop,
But laid their kinos on the top.
Well, after various stir and bustle,
The anchor up, you hear a rustle,
A lapping of the briny tide,
Against the vessel's moving side.
But soon, alas ! the heaving deep,
Causes our craft bad time to keep ;
She executes some rolls and pitches,
Which stir on board the very witches ;
For every motion stirs within
A corresponding pang of sin.
O Yorick, Yorick, Yorick, Yok,—
Oh, tell me why thy name is sought
With such an overflow of soul,
As o'er the billows blue we roll ;
Such earnest, zealous, pure devotion ;
Such tributes to the heaving ocean.
Our ready, all-confiding trust,
Has changed to towering disgust.
The very air is noisome now,
Which cools the beads upon your brow.
You're altogether " I don't care,"
And yield yourself to blank despair.
But, as, when old Columbus sailed,
At last the tropic groves he hailed,

The very ground did loving kiss,—
There's an end of all things,—so of this.
As comes the glorious sun to-morrow,
Forgotten is our load of sorrow ;
Our friends with joyous clasp we meet,
And o'er again we greet and greet.
The feast of tabernacles lasts
About a month ; but very fast,
In daily meetings time flies by.
Hawaii, Maui and Kauai,
With Molokai are represented ;
While all are joyfully contented.
Our place of sojourn is not comely,
Our daily fare is naught but homely.
In daily conclave they are there,
Fathers and mothers, with their care,
Full many a sprout, that is to be,
A sapling tall, and spreading tree.
Grave matters daily they debate,
And every one will freely state
His own opinion,—slightly more,
Some venture on ; but not before
An understanding fairly laid,
Is their conclusion ever made.
Here I might pause and fondly tell
Of every one the personnel,—
How there Sir Confident is seen ;
While there is one of modest mien
But mighty deeds ; and there is one
Of selfish make,—suspicion's son.

Attenuated there he rocks,
The keeper of that leather box ;
In prudence dignified he stands,
And states the case with ready hands.
Not less explicit his assistant ;
He'd have us all keep luxury distant ;
Some differ from him ; they would spare,
That life might be prolonged by care.
Some advocate a generous diet,
And show the work promoted by it.
Fanatic, others praise a crust,
And loud condemn of food the lust.
Only a few try bold dictation,—
They have forgot the Yankee nation,
And all that famous, grand Tea party
Whose sons are still alive and hearty,
And cannot be intimidated
By all that's human, loved or hated.
But you should see the flash of wit,
The high resolve, the generous hit ;
Of sympathy the welling tear,
As they of wrong the story hear.
But tho' one joy lights up the brow,
As each relates what, when and how
The work goes on his flock among,
And oft by all God's praise is sung—
Still I will let a secret out,
This famous brotherhood about,
As in this ancient house they meet,
Where each may claim an honored seat ;—

They're human all ; each dame and brother,
The son or daughter of their mother.
Their fears and hopes and joys and aim
Partake of human all the same.
But let me not forget to tell
About the house ; we loved it well,
In which, assembled year by year,
The mission families appear—
Or did appear—they do not now,
'Twas in the place Kawaiahao,
Near by the mission and the church,
You'll find it with but little search.
It is a quiet, lovely place,
Set round with trees which interlace,—
The famous, graceful algoroba,
Which never knows a sere October.
But in the days when there we met,
With saplings young the place was set ;
Now, they've become umbrageous trees,
Till one but tallest steeples sees
Throughout the town, yclept a city—
Please do not volunteer your pity ;
For Honolulu thus is called,
Although it's neither barred nor walled.
But I about that house must tell ;
Adobie 'twas, and whited well ;
With windows lighted and a door,—
A quasi arch adorned them o'er.
'Twas filled with wooden seats and benches,
And there they schooled the boys and wenches ;

The roof was thatched with island grass,
Which now has disappeared, alas !
And cedar shingles take their place,—
More prim they are, with less of grace.
To us a palace it appeaaed,
In days of yore when it was reared ;
For we, who came the waters o'er,
Long time had trodden ne'er a floor ;
And this had one ! and we could hear
Our footfalls ringing loud and clear,
For we'd forgotten how to trip,
In graceful fashion over it.
I cannot now recover all
Which did around this house befall ;
I rather think 'twould make a book
To more than fill some little nook.
However, I have much to say
Of children in that far off day.
While papas rubbed their thinking locks,
And mammas mended sundry frocks,
Some roystering boy would make a breach,
And all within contagion's reach,
With jump and shout would fly the door
And race about the common o'er.
Some got a scratch, and some a rend,—
And " there's another frock to mend."
And, now and then, it must be said,
When out of hearing they had fled,
A word or two between them passed,
Pregnant with sense which was to last ;

A childish freak, it then was said,
To pass away whate'er bestead.
But now I ask those chits at play,—
Some of their heads are turning gray,—
If all *has* passed, and was forgot?
And varied not their coming lot?
While under range of eye and ear,
They entertained parental fear;
And, well curbed in, preserved decorum—
Paterfamilias in forum.
Now, they're a power in the land,
Filling their trusts of high command.
Their little ones are like a flock—
These buds from ancient Plymouth rock.
Where now the noble steamer plows
The surging deep with scornful bows,
In former times the light canoe
The same wild region paddled through.
Or, if propitious wind availed,
She spread her canvas out and sailed.
Thus oft a fleet of tiny craft
Crossed o'er, when gentle zepheers laughed,
Erom isle to isle; tho' sometimes caught
By sudden gales, and sore distraught.
They often shot,—the tiny things,
Where larger craft much danger brings;
The feathered roller oft they dared,
Nor high on rocks to land they cared,
From whence again receded far
The landing wave—while they their car

At once took up, and carried wide
Beyond the beating of the tide.
'They were of various form and size ;—
'These little craft ; you'd not despise
The royal yacht with fifty men
On which embarked the regal train.
Once on a time—'twas long ago
From Mahukona I would go
Far down the coast to old Kailua ;
'Twas fifty miles or so, I'm sure.
A tedious journey 'twas by land,
And seldom made ; but by the strand
'Twas easy made in light canoe,
So off I start without ado.
The little craft in which I sail,—
Some fifteen feet from head to tail,
Scooped from the body of a tree,
Was nice and snug as oft you see.
'Twas raised a little on the sides,
To fit it for the rougher tides ;
The ends in island fashion peaked,
With sundry mouldings nicely beaked.
The forward end—the prow we call it,
Against the breaching sea to wall it,
And keep the dancing waves without—
It had a cover round about,
Whose postern end was slightly raised
And rounded, so they only grazed
But did not enter ;—all was made
Drum-tight by lashing with a braid,

Jr twist from husk of cocoanut ;
In fashion everything was cut ;
They ne'er departed from the rule,
By which the father did them school.
But as this narrow craft would be
Unsteady on the rolling sea,
Two beams were lashed across the top
In proper form, and with a lop
Into the sea at outer end,
Where they received the classic bend,
And fell upon a long, light beam :
Sea-worthy every part would seem.
'Twas formed to ride the curling wave
And modest satisfaction gave.
But as the sides were thin,—and lest
They should collapse when heavy pressed
By mighty seas, when heavy loaded,—
Catastrophe, with reason, boded,
Within were various ledges left,
And struts from side to side, with deft,
But trustful lashings well applied,
With various planks from side to side,
On which the passer had his seat,
As round these tropic isles he beat.
'Twas thus I sailed ; a man and boy,
To man the craft I did employ.
The man was old and purblind too,
But better, man could never do ;—
Long use—'twas like a second nature ;—
He'd served with old Kamehameha.

He was at home, or calm, or gale ;
His craft was fitted with a sail
Of cotton cloth ; it had a scoop,—
When some top wave had made a swoop,
And, spite of all, within had lain,
The scoop might throw it out again.
That for the boy—the old man steered ;
At evening Kawaihae was neared.
It lies upon a sort of bay—
From shore a reef makes far away ;
And, as the evening was calm,
We could anticipate no harm,
When we the barrier kept without ;
A shoal of porpoises about
Our little craft were gaily playing ;
They seemed our lonesome state surveying.
They breached and plunged and merry, dashed
The sparkling brine as oft they splashed
Into the sea from levels, where
They'd pirouetted in the air.
How strange it is, that, while they leap,—
These briny monsters of the deep,
Whose merest touch might bring you ruin,
Mischief they rarely think of doing.
Only when in a partial swoon,
As, maddened by the keen harpoon,
Or struck to death by cruel lance,
They, on their followers advance,
Their monstrous death-walled jaws extended,
You nought expect but to be ended.

Not so the sunned and salted whaler—
No way indebted to his tailor,
In this predicament does he
Just leave the boat and take the sea.
While old Sir Grampus would him chew,
He only bites the boat in two ;
Or turning tail, a little pat
Spills out the whole ;—nor only that ;
'They only think themselves too lucky,—
These sons of Neptune, tough and plucky,
If broken bones they may escape,
Or not in weeds their widows drape.
So, on we went, and evening down
Upon us fell, as off the town,
We slowly paddled on our way,
And fast went out the light of day.
For tropic sun does never creep
Near the horizon o'er the deep,
But straight descends the world below ;
A shortened twilight thus we know.
But, meanwhile many hours had passed,
So we delayed to break our fast.
They poi and fish—the national ;
I, bread and cheese—my rational.
On friendly office purely bent,
Some cheese I to the old man sent ;
He, most complaisant slight did taste,
And moistened from the briny waste ;
With it compared, the brine was mild
To this unspoiled Nature's child.

The supper done, again we sail ;
The stars come out, but wan and pale ;
Upon our left from mountains high
A purple haze o'erspread the sky,
And, thickening, soon shut out the light ;
On us lay deep the curtained night.
Slight puffs from off the mountain came,—
The sail was raised,—but soon again,
And stronger, livelier than before,
It made us scud the ripples o'er.
This world is not so very rough,
If plenty holds when you've enough.
But when from great it grows to greater,—
A warming pan becomes a crater,
A gentle breze a hurricane,
Your case is critical, 'tis plain.
Such was our case ; the wind increased
To fury,—so the sail was leashed.
Lest we capsize, and come to harm,
The boy was put upon the arm,
To keep the light outrigger down ;—
Nature put on an angry frown.
As we ran on three miles or more,
And near approached the rocky shore,
For darkness, nought we could discern,
So, there for help we could not turn.
But we could hear !—and horror still
Does all my quickened pulses thrill ;
For now the waves with fury lashed
The iron rocks 'gainst which they dashed ;

As when a raging fury raves,
They thundered in the hideous caves.
Our only hope was then to run,
Till all the howling storm was done.
So down the old man clews the sail,
And with my might the craft I bail ;
For fast the crested waves beat in ;
The boy lays out to keep her trim.
Now judge, with half a yard of sail,
Such wind abaft, we made a trail !
The deep we plowed ; our track was white,
'Twas all we saw this pitch dark night.
Caught up, the foam upon our prow,
O'erhead it flew—but we are now,
When it alights, far far ahead,
And thus in furious mode we sped,
Till toward the middle of the night,
We ran it out and saw the light ;
Stars twinkled down their light once more,
We flattered us the fight was o'er.
But soon an eddy from the South
Curled round Hualalai its mouth,
And met us with its fierce demand
That we, till morning light, would land.
For we had reached ten miles or so
Beyond the plain of Puako,
And onward spread in feathery drape
Kaelehuluhulu's cape.
Why longer play the midnight ranger ?
Why, simply that to land was danger.

The night still dark, the ocean brawled,
The coast along was iron walled ;
So on we paddled, might and main,
Nor was our labour all in vain,
As inch by inch we worked our way,
Till in the east approached the day !
Ho ! then for joy the cocks were crowing,
A mocking zephyr mild, was blowing,
The morning bell its matins ringing,
And Nature generally was singing.
As we the ancient town Kailua,
With morning breath, so free and pure
Encountered, done our night of sorrow,
For nights of toil make joyful morrow.
Friends welcomed us, and there we stayed,
And needful rest a pleasure made.
But now this story has been long,
Or our return might found a song.
So I'll just tell you of a hap,—
Poured out you say from Fortune's lap.
The morn of our return was bright ;
As forth we sailed, our hearts were light ;
And many another light canoe
Was company, bound homeward too.
Kaelehuluhulu past,
Toward the North we're tripping fast,
When shouted Kaulahuki, who
Was captain of our wee canoe,
“ Wind up the sail ; ” but none too soon,
For quick we saw what changed his tune,

As down upon us, might and main
The furious tornado came !
It chanced as in the sea we drove,
The captain spied a little cove,
Between two heads of iron rock,
Which round about the place did lock ;
Without delay we shot within,
And high upon the beach again
Hauled up our little vessel brave,
Far from the fury of the wave.
A little village here we found—
A beach and row of huts around ;
And here we waited, but in vain,
The ocean to be calm again.
But still it blew ; so off I started,
And from my valiant shipmates parted.
But of the terrors of that way
Where I, on foot, till sped the day
Toiled on against that living gale,
To reach my home, without avail,
I little say. The lava plains,
O'er which I crossed, unblest with rains,
Produce no green or living thing,
No cooling waters upward spring,
To stay your life, your thirst to slake ;
It is of Pele's rage the wake,
'Twas black as ink, from side to side,—
In fact, it was a hardened tide,
Which erst was in a crimson glow,
Crowding in fierce resistless flow.

Deep under what, to-day is seen
A ghastly, ebon, lava stream,
In those days lay a fishing lake,
Of some old chief's oppressive make.
A heavy wall, far out at sea
Inclosed an arm which was to be
A home for all the finny race,
The maker chose, his board to grace.
That wall I traversed,—it was—say
A mile in length across the bay.
'Twas famous then ; 'tis famous now ;
Forever from the fishing prow,
Sealed solid up, and stamped forever
By many feet of solid lava.
Another thing I noticed too—
The chosen home of the canoe ;
On a sand beach, white, broad and wavy,—
It was the Sandwich Island navy.
A few kou trees, fresh, green and tender,
From out the sand their umbrage render.
A hut or two there bleaching stand
Upon this plain of dazzling sand ;
Some lengthened sheds to hide the sun,
And all the furniture is done,
Save what directly appertain
To this assemblage from the main.
But of all sorts of strange canoe,
Single and double, through and through,
This was the strangest great collection ;
I doubt if any slight defection,

From big to little, low or high
Could e'er be matched beneath the sky.
Sick, tired, and in a sorry plight,
At Kawaihae the second night,
Just when the sun was nearly down,
I reached this image of a town,
And oh ! of all my wants the first,
Found real water for my thirst.
How deep I drank, I shall not tell,
A calabash—I drained it well ;
Then traveled as I had before,
Alone and tired, burnt and sore.
Till where the mountain palis reach
The sea, I kept along the beach ;
Then left the shore, and high ascended
Mid bush and brake and tangle blended.
The light went out and darkness came
But I pushed on amid the rain,
Along a narrow path which led
To houses on this watershed.
The people, as the air was chill,
A fire had made, and with a will
Were chattering loud the house within,
So making a tremendous din.
At every house, with will unvexed,
They gave a guide unto the next ;
So, near the middle of the night,
I reached my home in thankful plight.
Not yet however was the end,
My fortunes did not seem to mend.

But I must tell you now, in brief,—
Old Kaulahuki, bowed with grief,—
After some days—in tears like rain,
Came to my house to tell his pain.
He tarried till the wind had blown
Its fury out ; then sailed for home,
And well had worked along his way,
Past Kawaihae's outlying bay,
When he perceived some strange commotion
Which, rushing downward on the ocean,
Before he'd learned what it might be,
A whirlwind spilled him in the sea ;—
Spilled him with all my earthly goods
He had with him upon the floods.
'That was the end : no more I've known
As nearly forty years I've roamed,
By sea and land, or slow or faster,
The shadow of a like disaster.



GLOSSARY.

NOTE.—In the pronunciation of Hawaiian words

A has the sound of *a* in father.

E “ “ *a* “ hate.

I “ “ *i* “ marine.

O “ “ *o* “ note.

U “ “ *oo* “ moon.

The true accent of the Hawaiian words introduced will, in nearly all cases, be determined by the rhythm. As a further help they are divided, in the following glossary, into their syllables and the accent added.

A-le-nù-i-hà-ha,—Name of one of the seas between the islands.

Boom-i-kài,—The order by native captains for shifting over the boom from either side.

Ha-là-wa,—Name of the rich valley at the east end of Molokai.

Hà-le-a-ka-là,—Mountain of East Maui, 10,000 feet high, containing the largest crater in the world.

Ha-wà-i-i-nei,—Term by which the whole group of islands is spoken of at home.

Hì-lo,—The largest town on the island of Hawaii.

Hò-no-lù-lu,—The metropolis of the Hawaiian islands, situated on the island of Oahu.

Hò-no-ma-nù,—A deep valley or gorge on the windward, or northeastern side of East Maui.

Hà-a-la-lai,—The smallest of the three mountains on the island of Hawaii, situated on its western side.

I-ào,—Term by which the valley of Wailuku is sometimes spoken of.

Ka-à-hu-mà-nu,—Favorite queen of Kamehameha 1st, and re-gent after his death.

Ka-à-la,—Mountain on the west side of Oahu.

Ka-è-le-hù-lu-hù-lu,—Western cape of Hawaii.

Ka-hò-o-là-we,—One of the islands.

Kai-lù-a,—Place on the western side of Hawaii.

Ka-la-kàu-a,—Reigning king of the Hawaiian islands.

Kà-lo,—*Caladium esculentum*.

Ka-mè-ha-mè-ha,—First king who ruled over the whole group of islands.

Ka-nà-ka,—Man.

Ka-ù,—The southern district of Hawaii.

Kau-ài,—The most northern of the large islands.

Kau-ì-ki,—A small crater at the eastern extremity of Maui.

Ka-ù-la,—A very small island near Niihau.

Kau-la-hù-ki,—A proper name.

Kà-pa,—Native cloth of the Hawaiian islands; much like strong paper.

Ka-pì-o-là-ni,—A chief woman of Hawaii. The present queen has the same name.

Ka-wài-a-hào,—That part of Honolulu in which is situated the large stone church first built.

Ka-wai-hàe,—A place on the western shore of Hawaii.

Ki,—*Dracæna terminalis*.

Ki-lau-èa,—The great active crater of Hawaii.

Kì-no,—The body.

Ko-hà-la,—The northern district of Hawaii.

Kò-na-hù-a-nù-i,—The highest mountain on Oahu.

Ku-kù-i,—Tree which bears the candle-nut.

La-nai,—An island.

Le-hù-a,—A small island near Niihau.

Lò-mi-lò-mi,—Kneading of the muscles, etc.

Mà-i-a,—The banana.

Ma-hu-kò-na,—A place on the western coast of Hawaii, near its northern end.

Mau-ae,—A man's name.

Màu-i,—An island.

Màu-na-kè-a,—One of the two highest mountains of Hawaii.

Màu-na-lèi,—A large ravine on Lanai.

Mau-na-lò-a,—One of the two highest mountains of Hawaii.

Mè-le,—A song.

Mò-ku-a-wè-o-wè-o,—A crater on the top of Maunaloa—often in action.

Mo-lo-kài,—An island.

Mo-lo-kì-ni,—An island.

Ni-i-hâu,—An island.

Ni-hò-a,—An island.

O-à-hu,—An island.

Pai-lò-lo,—A sea between the islands.

Pà-li,—Precipice.

Pa-ni-wài,—Damming of the stream, whence the name of the celebrated battle in which Kamehameha I. became master of Maui.

Pè-le,—The goddess of volcanoes. Also a general name for a crater with *lù-a*, a pit, prefixed.

Pò-i,^s—The national dish, a paste made from kalo.

Pu-a-kò,—A place on western Hawaii.

Rì-ho-rì-ho,—King next after Kamehameha I.

Ta-bu, or *Kà-pu*,—Prohibition.

U-à-la,—Sweet potato.

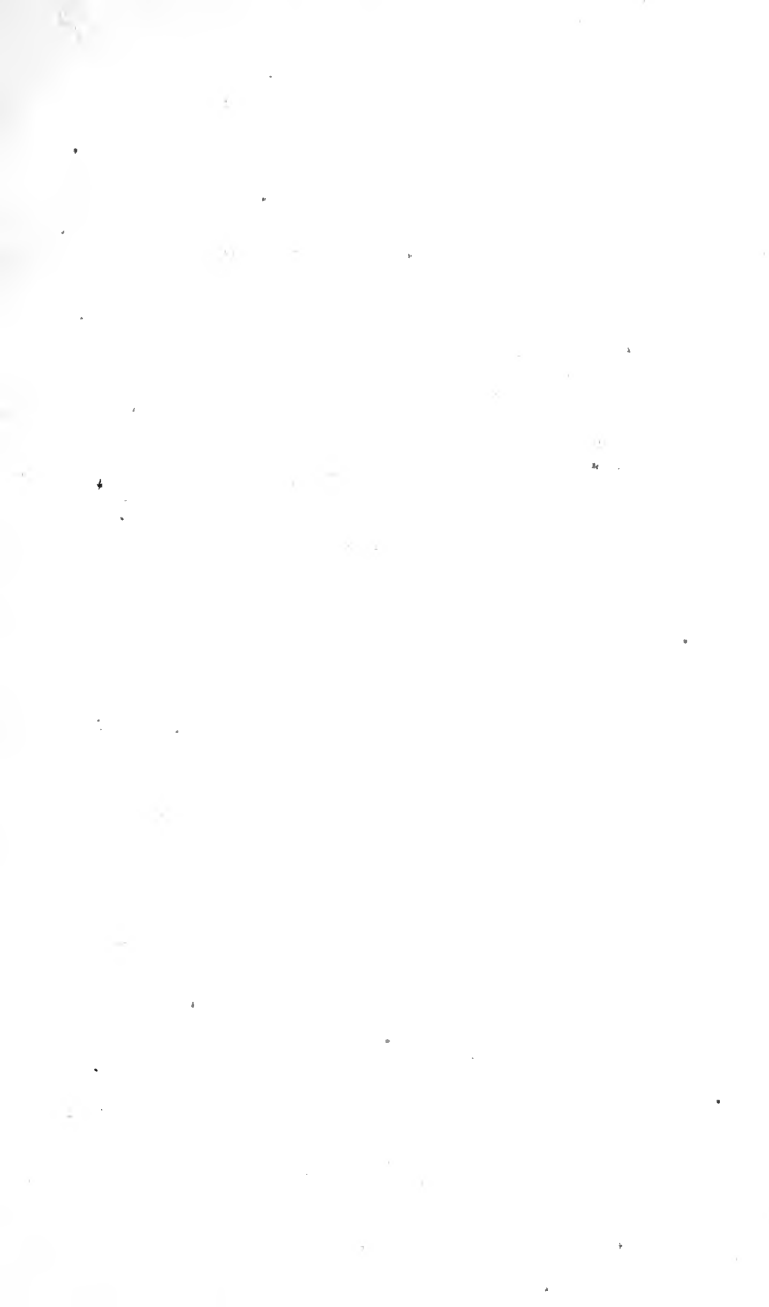
Wai-à-le-à-le,—Highest mountain on Kauai.

Wai-a-nàe,—Western district of Oahu.

Wai-lù-ku,—Town on West Maui.











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